

AUGUST

MICHIGAN

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Horticultural.

MICHIGAN WILD FLOWERS.

The common blue flag, *Iris versicolor*, is taking no mean place in the new gospel of decorative art, its lance-like leaves and the peculiar form of its variegated bloom rendering it particularly adapted to the mysteries of "Kensington stitch." It belongs to the same natural order as the *Fleur-de-lis*, the national flower of France, is a frequent of most wet lands in the State; and its fleshy root has not unfrequently been mistaken for that of the medicinal sweet-flag, *Acorus calamus*, to the small discomfort of the eater. The similarity of the leaves promotes the mistake, but the sweet-flag is readily distinguished by the herbage which runs the length of its sword-shaped leaves.

On the shores of muddy ponds and lakes the showy, blue-flowered Pickering weed, *Pedicularis cordata*, with its smooth and glossy leaves, whose venation curiously conforms to their peculiar arrow shape, grows side by side with the white, three-petaled *Sagittaria variabilis*, or Arrowhead, which takes its name, both Latin and every day, from the shape of its leaves. Both of these are aquatic, in that they grow in shallow, stagnant water, in common with the yellow pond lily, *Najas adnata*, a very curious and interesting flower. Its flowers are almost perfect spheres of gold, and children sometimes call them "fair daisy knobs." The three outer sepals are faintly tinged with green, the three inner are yellow as virgin gold itself, as are the petals and stamens and the broad disc against which they grow.

We have one species of the famous pitcher plants indigenous to our bogs, where the thick, leathery "pitchers" are found filled with water in which many unassuming insects have met their fate. *Sarracenia purpurea* bears the curious "side-saddle flower." The famous *Darlingtonia*, the flesh-eating plant of which we have one record so many accounts, belongs to this order, and the study of the habits of the species, together with the discovery of several new ones in the tropical regions of Africa and Madagascar, is of never failing interest to botanists.

Of the *Orobanchaceae*, Michigan claims a few specimens, though they are somewhat rare. We can claim none which are properly epiphytes, growing on living trees or decaying wood, but we have several species of *Cypripedium*, or lady slipper, which, being very conspicuous, are generally well known. *Peyonia ophioglossoides*, or "Snake-mouth" orchis—though very "snake-mouth" I have never been able to discover—is a very beautiful species, with pink blossoms having the lower lip crested and fringed and just touched with yellow. *Calypso pulchellus* or "grass pink" is even yet more lovely, and *Meehan's* is generally found as a companion to the first mentioned, and is remarkable for almost always producing perfect seed vessels. It is of a most exquisite, semi-transparent pink, literally a "pearly pink," and blossoms with the ripening of wild strawberries.

Pyrola elliptica is a not inconspicuous plant, a fine specimen of which we found growing among the golden blossoms of the square stemmed *Lysimachia* at Huron Beach. Its white, curved petals drop off, leaving the enlarged elliptical ovary, with the long, pendant style, still a conspicuous part of the flower stalk.

Violets grow everywhere. Of the twenty-one species described by Wood, we have found eight in various portions of Washtenaw County. They seem more widely distributed than most flowers, and quite decline to accept the decree of banishment issued by civilization. One of the most showy is the "Bird's-foot violet," (*Viola pedata*) so named from the resemblance of its leaves to the divisions of the foot of a bird. The variations of color in this species are numerous, distinctions being observed in the bloom of the same plant. There are white, yellow, and a very pale blue species to be found not unfrequently; other species differ more in leaf form than in color.

Among native flowers the wild rose is what its cultivated sister is to the garden, queen, *par excellence*. The magnificent variegated rose is a native of Michigan, the swamp rose blooms persistently all summer long in its native thicket, tempting the passer-by to rob it, and the dwarf wild rose boasts the full flower of thorns bequeathed it when Adam was head gardener. The Bramble rose is a very pretty and somewhat rare species, with flowers of a deep rose-red instead of pink; its leaves somewhat resemble those of the wild grape, and its seed vessels are almost as showy and ornamental as its bloom. As the petals fall, the calyx tube enlarges to cover the circle of browned stamens, and turns a rich maroon brown; it is also covered with fine down, making it look like velvet. It is a marvel that designers of panels, Christmas cards and art studies have not yet found out its aesthetic adaptabilities.

"The pomp of midsummer" will soon be over, rose petals will have fallen, meadow lilies no longer uphold dew-laden chalice, and brown seeds replace bright bloom. With autumn comes the Composites and Astelepiads, in all the glory of purple and gold and the "terra cotta" so much in vogue at present. The many fingered golden rod even now is holding its hands up to heaven, the "yellow sunflower by the brook," nodes a welcome to wildsters and the first buds of the Fringed Gentian. To many eyes all are alike weeds; floral beauty lies in a verberna or a Zonal geranium.

If little is known of our wild flowers, not much more is known of our forest trees, or our native grasses. More than one farmer has let a patch of Canada thistles get well established on his farm because he thought it was "just a weed." Want of knowledge of plants on the part of farmers seems as culpable as a dry-goods merchant not knowing the fabrics in which he deals, or a jeweler being ignorant of the gems with which he works. Botany, if no other natural science, ought to have a place in our common schools.

Children should be taught to use their eyes, and to see understandingly, and they will not work less faithfully and interestingly because of knowing something of what is growing around them. A man who knows a noxious weed when he sees it, will have wit enough not to let it go to seed. He will not be poisoned with wild parsnips or seductive berries, nor turn his lambs into a meadow full of kalmia and then ask "what killed my sheep?" We need to teach our boys and girls more of the beauties of a rural life, help them to work understandingly, show them that the farm is a great book full of wonders, and let them see less of the "almighty dollar" as the "chief end of man."

THOSE WHITE BLACKBERRIES.

TO THE EDITOR MICHIGAN FARMER:

The package of blackberries came last evening; but as they were unaccompanied by any memoranda, we had no alternative but to defer an examination till the arrival of your letter, on noon mail to-day, when they were rather too far gone to warrant a safe judgment as to their flavor. The blackberry frequently sports in color, from its usual brilliant black, to nearly or quite white; although up to the present time, none of these sports have proved relatively valuable; failing more commonly in productiveness; there seems to be a nearly universal deficiency of vigor; which may, perhaps, be supposed to indicate that these variations are generally attributable to a diseased or unhealthy condition of the plant; as is supposed to be the case with most if not all abnormally colored foliage.

In the case of this blackberry, the color can hardly be said to be attractive, being, as you phrase it, "smoky." It would be desirable, doubtless, as a curiosity; but its value, if it has any, must depend upon superior flavor or productiveness rather than appearance; or possibly upon the superior hardiness or vigor of the plant.

Since sending you a notice of Mr. E. L. Parrish's blackberry, I have received a fresher installment of the fruit, direct from Nashville; which shows it under more favorable auspices.

As it now appears, it is of full medium size, quite translucent, bright and glossy, pinkish amber in color, with little if any of the "smoky" appearance you describe, except in obviously unripe specimens. It is decidedly sprightly and pleasant in flavor, when at its best; the "smoky" or over ripe stage being obviously comparable to the reddened appearance of the Lawton, and other black blackberries, so frequently resulting from rough handling or over keeping. It has no perceptible hardness or acidity at the centre, as is the case with Lawton, and many other varieties.

From its delicate color and texture, it may, very possibly, be found difficult to put it on the market, in large lots, and in satisfactory condition; but if, as Mr. Parrish claims, it is vigorous and productive we think it quite likely to take prominence as an amateur fruit, and perhaps for near marketing; since the last specimen sent us, although sent more than 100 miles by express in a pint box, with no packing material, reached us in excellent condition. Many light, or nearly white blackberries, have heretofore been brought to notice; but, up to this time, all have been found lacking in some essential particular, generally in productiveness.

SEEDLING GOOSEBERRIES.

Mr. James Douglass, the veteran nurseryman of Windsor, Ont., dropped into the FARMER office about a week ago with samples of a number of seedling gooseberries of his own propagating. His seedlings are all numbered, and the samples were from those he deemed the most promising. The first was labeled Hybrid seedling No. 1, a cross between the prickly and English gooseberries, two removes from the wild. The flavor of the fruit was good, though distinctly tinged with that of the wild berry. The prickles had become few in number, and more like hairs. It is a strong, upright grower, with shoots five to six feet in height. Topped at four feet it makes a beautiful pendulous tree, weeping down to the ground, and covered with fruit. The fruit is larger than the Houghton seedling. Seedling No. 3 was a cross between the English and Houghton seedling, raised from seed of the English. It is a great and constant bearer of large-sized fruit, of a deep green color, and never mildews. The flavor of the fruit is excellent. No. 7, a Hybrid seedling, is another cross between the wild prickly and English varieties, two removes from the wild. It is a strong upright grower, with young shoots from four to five feet in height. It is a great and constant bearer of well flavored fruit, which much resembles that of No. 1.

Seedling No. 10 was a cross between the Houghton seedling and English gooseberries. This was the largest and handsomest fruit in the lot, the skin being a light, transparent green, and the size of the berry remarkable. It is a strong grower and a constant bearer, some small branches brought as samples being literally covered with fruit. The berry is more solid and meaty than the others, and ought to make an excellent market variety. Mr. Douglass says he has found it is the best cooking variety he has ever grown.

Taking the different samples together, it looks as if Mr. Douglass had been successful in bringing out some varieties of this fruit that are of great promise, and which will be heard from in the future.

Blackberries.

E. Williams, in the *American Gardener*, furnishes the following on this fruit, which is fast growing more popular among horticulturists:

The blackberry, as a garden fruit, may be said to date from the introduction of the New Rochelle or Lawton. Previous to that period most people in the city, town, or country, depended entirely for their supply upon the wild plants indigenous to most sections of our country. Both the

trailing dewberry and high bush varieties were generally regarded as a nuisance by good cultivators, and any attentions bestowed on them were to their destruction; so that when the large and attractive fruit of the New Rochelle appeared in our markets, and cultivation of the plants was suggested, it was regarded by a great many people as an innovation not to be tolerated. And yet it required but a few years for those who had devoted so much time and labor to their destruction to change tactics, and plant and cultivate ten times more plants than they ever destroyed, and find profit in so doing.

Since the introduction of the New Rochelle, the blackberry grew in favor as a garden fruit, and the Dorchester and New Rochelle had the field almost entirely to themselves till 1865, when the Kittatiny and Wilson's Early were introduced and rapidly superseded the first. The advent of these kinds met with such favor that a number of others sprung up, mushroom-like, to contend for the supremacy; but they were short-lived, the Kittatiny and Wilson reaching a pre-eminent position all over the country, the latter succeeding best in sandy or light soils, the former generally everywhere, save where attacked by the yellow, orange-colored raspberry rust, *Uredo rubrorum*.

The fungus has proved so fatal to the Kittatiny in some sections as to destroy whole plantations; and while it is still the highest in quality and esteem of any other, and is recommended for cultivation in 28 States, and regarded as of great superiority and value in ten of them by the American Pomological Society, still fruit growers are on the alert to find a variety approaching it in hardiness and quality and resisting the attack of this fungus.

The "Sydney" and "Taylor" are the most prominent ones now claiming attention; but their friends admit they are deficient in size, and some suggest high culture and severe pruning as a remedy. The fungus above named troubled my plants to some extent some years ago, but lately I have not had a case of it; and as long as I can grow the Kittatiny exempt from its attack, I shall require something well up in the standard of quality and size to displace them. I have not yet tested the Sydney and Taylor on my own grounds, but I had a good opportunity the past summer to test the fruit and observe their habits, and I confess I saw but little to recommend them over the best of our wild varieties, save productiveness. If the New Rochelle is deserving the reputation of being treacherous, by appearing ripe and black, when in reality it is unripe and green, these are equally so, and I have an aversion to making faces when eating blackberries. It is a nice job to pick New Rochelles, or even Kittatinies, that are fit to go to the table in less than half a day after picking.

I know of but one blackberry that has so little of this acid principle in it that it is palatable when black, and even before, and that is the "Dorchester." I have no scruples to accept a dish of them, no matter by whom picked, and the few plants I still retain were literally loaded with fruit last summer. I know that in some seasons and localities it is not very productive, yet I have had them bear fully, if not quite as good a crop as I saw on the Sydney or Taylor. Perhaps the severe pruning recommended for these by their friends would apply as well to the Dorchester.

Probably the abundance of this fruit in its wild condition has prevented any attempts at improving it by crossing and breeding new varieties; but if those who have the leisure and ground to experiment in this way were to try, they might produce a berry of the size and productiveness of the Kittatiny, equal to or surpassing it in quality, of greater hardiness, and divested of thorns. Whoever succeeds in this will achieve a triumph deserving gratitude and distinction, and will coin for himself a fortune in addition.

The Grapes.

This is a rather discouraging year to lovers of the Concord grape. Hardly a perfect cluster is to be found on the vines. The Catawba has gone the same way. Rogers' hybrids have rotted badly also, the Merrimac the most and the Goethe the least. The Ives has rotted worse this year than we have ever known it to rot before. It still proves itself one of the best grapes we can grow for market purposes, and there will be a very fair crop. The Champion has rotted till it has entirely disappeared from the vines. There is not a berry to be found. The Clinton rots badly. The Delaware and Telegraph rot about equally with the Ives. Moore's Early is affected nearly as badly as the Concord. The Lady has never borne a full crop on our grounds, and though not rotting much, is not doing much better. The Dracut rots but little. The Elvira hangs full of perfect bunches, little gems of their kind. The Cottage and Worden have rotted very badly, very few being left. The Eumelan has nearly gone, and is of little value. The Humboldt is of still less value. The Noah, generally perfect, has shown some rot this year. The Brighton, also, has rotted some, but not badly. The Irving is a poor bearer and of no account; the crop has all rotted.

The grape that has done the best in our vineyard is the Perkins. We have 500 vines of this variety that hang full of perfectly sound grapes, not a rotten berry being found yet among them all. It is a large, quite early, delicate pink or reddish grape, with medium clusters, of good flavor, prolific, and will bear neglect better than most other sorts. It is, however, a favorite sort with the curculion, and owing to its light color, fools the birds and small boys. This is the fifth crop they have borne, and they grow better every year. They flourish in most any soil and under most any treatment.

To recapitulate, it may be said that this year the Perkins and Elvira have not rotted at all. The Dracut, Noah, and Lady have rotted but little; the Delaware, Telegraph, Goethe, Brighton, and Ives have rotted worse; the Cottage, Worden, Wilder, Merrimac, and Moore have rotted worse still; the Catawba, Champion, and Concord worst of all.—*Fanner and Fruit Grower.*

Poisonous Leaves.

Some of our most admired flowers, which we should least willingly banish from cultivation, are associated with green leaves of a very poisonous character. The narrow, long leaves of the daffodil act as an irritant poison; the delicate compound leaves of laburnum have a narcotic and acid juice which causes purging, vomiting and has not unfrequently led to death. The narrow leaves of the meadow saffron, or autumn crocus, give rise to utmost irritation to the throat, thirst, dilated pupils, with vomiting and purging. The dangerous character of aconite, or monkshood leaves is doubtless well known, but each generation of children requires instruction to avoid above all things those large, palm-shaped leaves, dark green on the upper surface. Leaves of coarse weeds provide an abundant source of danger, but frequently their strong scent and bitter or nauseous taste give timely warning against their being consumed. Of all our British orders of plants perhaps the umbelliferous order contributes the rankest and most widespread elements of danger. The tall hemlock is everywhere known to be poisonous, and it is one of the most abundant occupants of the hedge. A peculiar "mousey" odor can generally be recognized on squeezing the leaves, which are deep green in color and treble compound, the small lobes being lanceolate and deeply cut. It is said that the mousey smell can be detected in water containing not more than a fiftieth-thousandth part of the juice. Hemlock is both an irritant to any sore head and a general narcotic poison, producing headache, imperfect vision, loss of power to swallow and extreme drowsiness, with complete paralysis of voluntary muscles and muscles of respiration. The water dropwort, too, a flourishing ditch plant, the water hemlock, fool's parsley, must be ranked among our most dangerous poisonous plants, belonging to the umbelliferous order. The fool's parsley leaves are sometimes mistaken for genuine parsley, but the nauseous odor and darker leaves should prevent this. The nightshade order is another with dangerous and often extremely poisonous leaves. Indeed, no nightshade can be regarded as safe, while the deadly nightshade, with its oval white leaves, soft, smooth and stalked, are in the highest degree to be avoided. Henbane and thorn apple again, with their large and much indented leaves, are conspicuous members of the "dangerous classes." Holly leaves contain a juice which is both narcotic and acid, causing vomiting, pain and purging. Even elder and privet leaves may produce acute and injurious irritation when eaten. With regard to treatment in cases of poisoning by leaves, if no doctor is at hand, produce vomiting till all offending matter is expelled, and when considerable sleepiness or drowsiness has come on give strong tea or coffee, and again bring on vomiting; then stimulate and rouse the brain in every possible mode.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sedgwick Steel Wire Fence

Do you want your calla to bloom next winter? Of course you do. Well, then take it right out of the wooden bucket and plant out in the garden. Put it where it will get the full benefit of the sun, for this royal plant is a native of Africa and loves the warm sunshine. Keep the weeds down, and hoe your callas two or three times during the summer, just as you would a hill of potatoes. In the fall, anywhere from the first to the middle of September, lift your calla and re-plant in good, rich soil. My callas are potted in the same mixture that I use for nearly all my house plants—one half good garden soil, the other half equal parts of sand, leaf-mould and very fine barnyard manure; don't use too large a pot; that is just where so many people fail with callas. Let the size of the pot bear some relation to the size of the plant. My callas, which are very large, are in twelve-inch pots, and these are set in large pots that are only about half as deep as the inner pots.

The inner pot has holes in the bottom, and in the sides near the bottom, for drainage. These pots are made on purpose for callas, and cost from fifty to seventy-five cents apiece. They can usually be obtained at any place where flower pots are sold.

After the calla has been potted, keep it in a shady place for ten days or two weeks, and water but little; then it may be brought forward to the sunny south window and watered freely with warm water. When the weather gets quite cool, along about the middle of November, I fill the space between the two pots with sealing hot water every morning, letting it remain an hour or so and then pour it off. Under this treatment my callas commence blooming about the middle of December, and keep it up till April or May. Last winter one calla had thirteen blossoms between the middle of December and the 1st of May.

When the callas pots cannot be had, use a common ten or twelve inch pot and saucer, and do not fill the pot quite full of earth. You can set the pot in the kitchen sink each morning and water the plant well with quite warm water, taking care not to pour it on the stalks, but on the earth around them. After the water has pretty much drained off, return the pot to the saucer in the window. Don't let the leaves of your calla get coated with dust.

Once a week or so wash the leaves off with warm water, or else take the plant to the kitchen sink and give it a regular shower bath.

Never allow the blossoms to wither and dry up on the plant, but cut as soon as they begin to fade, and other buds will soon appear. Don't bother your calla with any "plant fertilizers." Give it a good soil, a pot of suitable size, a sunny window, plenty of water, and it will bloom because it cannot help it.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Horticultural Notes.

A FARMER who writes to the *National Farmer* says more and better sugar can be made from watermelons than from beets, and he claims to have made sugar from them by boiling down the juice and treating it as if it were maple sap.

J. V. McCage brought to the office of the Davenport (Ia.) Democrat a bush of Snyder blackberry two and a half feet high, bearing 200 berries. He has three acres in blackberries, and estimates his crop at 3,000 quarts per acre.

While Michigan and neighboring States have suffered from too much wet, New England newspapers complain of the drought, which has shortened the hay crop and the yield of potatoes and other root crops, and greatly diminished the butter and cheese for export.

C. M. Hovey, the well-known Massachusetts horticulturist, who once announced his belief that the Manchester and Hovey strawberries were identical, has upon examination of the true Manchester seedling, stated his later opinion to be that they are not the same, the resemblance being only in the fact that both are pistillate varieties.

A SUGGESTION as to gathering the pear is made by a correspondent of the *National Farmer*: "When it partly ripens from the tree, leaving the stem on the pear, is deemed the proper time to pack; many lots of pears have been brought to our market with the stems either carefully broken off or pulled out, and great has been the surprise of the owner when told that he had sadly misused his fruit and thrown away money. As a rule, most pears are taken too soon, yet it is true that nearly all varieties should be gathered before it is eaten, and ripened in the house. The Seckel is one, however, which is best when ripened on the tree. I usually pick Bartlett and Duchess at two or more gatherings, leaving the specimens on the north side and in the shade till the last."

SPINACH seed for autumn and winter sale is sown about August 15th. The land for this purpose should be very rich and free from the seeds of purslane and barn grass, which grow very rapidly in the hot weather of August and early September. The seed should be sown rather more deeply in dry weather than in moist, and the surface well rolled after sowing, to insure germination. For wintering over in the field, it is better to defer the sowing of spinach seed till August 25th to September 10th. The earlier sowings will come to market early in spring, the later ones in May. For wintering spinach in the field, a good, strong clay soil, with sufficient delicacy to shed the surface water quickly, without washing, is best.

CHILDREN often need some safe Cathartic and Tonic to avert approaching sickness. Simmons' Liver Regulator will relieve colic, headache, sick stomach, indigestion, dysentery, and the complaints incident to childhood.

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Day Express. 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
Night Express. 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
Grand Rapids and Muskegon.
Fast Express. 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
Day Express. 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
Night Express. 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
Grand Rapids and Muskegon.
Fast Express. 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
Day Express. 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
Night Express. 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m.
Grand Rapids and Muskegon.

DETROIT AND BAY CITY DIVISION.
Bay City & Saginaw Ex. 7:30 a. m. 9:30 p. m.
Marquette & Mackinac Ex. 7:30 a. m. 9:30 p. m.
Mackinac Express, with sleeper. 7:30 a. m. 9:30 p. m.
Sundays excepted. 2 daily. (a) Saturdays excepted. 1 Monday excepted.
O. W. RIGGLES, General Passenger Agent.
Ticket office 124 Jefferson Ave. and depot foot of Third St. Trains run by Chicago time.

DETROIT, GRAND HAVEN AND MILWAUKEE RAILWAY.
October 16, 1881.

Trains leave and arrive at Brush street depot Detroit time, as follows:
Trains Leave—
Express at 7:30 a. m. for Saginaw and Bay City.
Mail at 11:00 a. m. for Grand Rapids, Grand Haven, and Milwaukee. Sleeping Car attached.
Trains Arrive—
Through Mail, 5:30 p. m.
Detroit Express, 12:15 p. m.
Night Express, 10:30 p. m.
Holt Express, 8:00 p. m.
T. TANDY, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Detroit.

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.
Depot Foot of Third Street. Ticket office 154 Jefferson Avenue and in Depot.
All Trains run on Detroit time.

Trains leave and arrive at Brush street depot Detroit time, as follows:
Trains Leave—
Express at 7:30 a. m. for Saginaw and Bay City.
Mail at 11:00 a. m. for Grand Rapids, Grand Haven, and Milwaukee. Sleeping Car attached.
Trains Arrive—
Through Mail, 5:30 p. m.
Detroit Express, 12:15 p. m.
Night Express, 10:30 p. m.
Holt Express, 8:00 p. m.
T. TANDY, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Detroit.

DETROIT, LANSING AND NORTH ERIE RAILROAD.
On and after Sunday, July 9, 1882, trains will arrive and depart from Detroit as follows:
Going West.
Detroit. 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m. 7:00 p. m.
Lansing. 8:45 a. m. 2:30 p. m. 8:00 p. m.
Grand Rapids. 9:45 a. m. 3:30 p. m. 9:00 p. m.
Chicago. 10:45 a. m. 4:30 p. m. 10:00 p. m.
St. Louis. 11:45 a. m. 5:30 p. m. 11:00 p. m.
St. Paul. 12:45 p. m. 6:30 p. m. 12:00 a. m.
Minneapolis. 1:45 p. m. 7:30 p. m. 1:00 a. m.
Omaha. 2:45 p. m. 8:30 p. m. 2:00 a. m.
Kansas City. 3:45 p. m. 9:30 p. m. 3:00 a. m.
St. Joseph. 4:45 p. m. 10:30 p. m. 4:00 a. m.
Atchafalpa. 5:45 p. m. 11:30 p. m. 5:00 a. m.
Hawley. 6:45 p. m. 12:30 a. m. 6:00 a. m.

On and after Sunday, July 9, 1882, trains will arrive and depart from Detroit as follows:
Going East.
Detroit. 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m. 7:00 p. m.
Lansing. 8:45 a. m. 2:30 p. m. 8:00 p. m.
Grand Rapids. 9:45 a. m. 3:30 p. m. 9:00 p. m.
Chicago. 10:45 a. m. 4:30 p. m. 10:00 p. m.
St. Louis. 11:45 a. m. 5:30 p. m. 11:00 p. m.
St. Paul. 12:45 p. m. 6:30 p. m. 12:00 a. m.
Minneapolis. 1:45 p. m. 7:30 p. m. 1:00 a. m.
Omaha. 2:45 p. m. 8:30 p. m. 2:00 a. m.
Kansas City. 3:45 p. m. 9:30 p. m. 3:00 a. m.
St. Joseph. 4:45 p. m. 10:30 p. m. 4:00 a. m.
Atchafalpa. 5:45 p. m. 11:30 p. m. 5:00 a. m.
Hawley. 6:45 p. m. 12:30 a. m. 6:00 a. m.

On and after Sunday, July 9, 1882, trains will arrive and depart from Detroit as follows:
Going West.
Detroit. 7:30 a. m. 1:15 p. m. 7:00 p. m.
Lansing. 8:45 a. m. 2:30 p. m. 8:00 p. m.
Grand Rapids. 9:45 a. m. 3:30 p. m. 9:00 p. m.
Chicago. 10:45 a. m. 4:30 p. m. 10:00 p. m.
St. Louis. 11:45 a. m. 5:30 p. m. 11:00 p. m.
St. Paul. 12:45 p. m. 6:30 p. m. 12:00 a. m.
Minneapolis. 1:45 p. m. 7:30 p. m.

Portrait.

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

Just a little baby lying in my arms,
Would that I could keep you with your baby
arms;
Helpless, clinging fingers; downy, golden hair,
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from other
where;
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek;
Dainty little blossom, in a world of woe;
Thus I find you keep you, for I love you so,
Roguish little dandel, scarcely six years old—
Foot that never wearies, hair of deeper gold;
Beetles, busy fingers, all the time at play,
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day,
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
Have come to tell you them—what an eager shout!
Winning little dandel, all the neighbors know;
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so,
Sober little school-girl, with your strap of books,
And such grave importance in your puzzled looks,
Solving weary problems, pouring over sump,
Yet with tooth for sponge cake and for sugar-plum;
Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
Waking up to study in the morning light;
Anxious as to ribbons, debt to the bow,
Full of contradictions—I would keep you so,
Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
All the world's before you, and the world is wide;
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to
break,
Has your own, my maiden, just began to wake?
Is that rose of dawn glowing on your cheek,
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
Shy and tender maiden, I would find forego
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

All the listening angels saw that she was fair,
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
Now the rose of dawn turns to the lily white,
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes of sight.
All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—
Rabe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now.
Oh! my heart is breaking; but God's love I know—
Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.
—Louis C. Moulton, in The Interior.

Miscellaneous.

THE LOST NECKLACE.

We all have our ambitions. That of Andrews, the great dealer in jewelry and bric-a-brac, was to be acknowledged the finest judge of precious stones and antique work to be found in the trade. He worked early and late to obtain this reputation, and by dint of perseverance and a few clever hits, much expenditure of money and not a trifle of burnt fingers during his apprenticeship, he succeeded in his desire. His knowledge was allowed on all hands to be supreme, his taste impeccable, his flair undeviating. No stone of value, no piece of goldsmith's work, no specimen of *cinque cento* art, was quite sure of its reputation until it had been passed through the alembic of his judgment; and what he had once stamped with his approval, and consented to sell with his name attached, was sent out into the world with a certificate of merit that was worth a small fortune to its possessor.

With this ambition of being known for accurate connoisseurship was naturally that other of getting hold of all the most famous stones and pieces of bric-a-brac that he could induce the present owners to throw into his hands. If he knew of any precious bits belonging to a decayed family of former nobles, needing more money than heir-looms, or to a young scapgrace who cared more for a month's spree than for all the rare gems, and cabinets, and pictures, and pottery mouldering down at the dull old home, Andrew Andrews went round and round that quarry like a dog scenting a *cache*, and never rested until he had got the thing he wanted. He generally succeeded, for he gave good prices when it suited his purpose. He knew how to bribe so as to create the desire to sell; and he even sometimes bought at a loss that he might keep up his character as the indefatigable collector of unique valuables, in whose private parlor at the back of the shop you would find things not to be had anywhere else in the world. All the same, he ground down the poor devils who sold for need, till he took pretty well all the gilt off their ginger-bread, and made the transaction for them rather a loss than a gain. As, however, nothing succeeds so much as success, he got his way nine times out of ten; and Andrew Andrews was known far and wide as the man to whom to go if you wanted to buy a good thing irrespective of cost, or to get rid of one on favorable terms, if your needs were not pressing, and you were dexterous in the art of angling.

Now there was one thing which Andrew Andrews wished above all in the world to get hold of. This was the famous pearl necklace which had belonged to the beautiful Lady Lipperey of doubtful fame—that Lady Lipperey who had been one of the beauties of Charles the Second's court; whose portrait Sir Peter Lely had painted as "Venus rising from the sea," and whose main attire of attire in that portrait was this famous pearl necklace which Andrew Andrews coveted as if it had been the elixir of life itself. As pearls and as a necklace this jewel was unique. The centre drop alone was worth a king's ransom; the pearls were well-nigh priceless; and the fame of possessing this splendid and unapproachable treasure was of more value to the eyes of Andrew Andrews than half his fortune. This pearl necklace haunted him. Night and day he thought of it, and devised schemes as to, first its discovery and then possession. He was willing to pay royally

for this royal treasure if only he could secure it; and, as it was, he spent no small sums in trying to find out where it was. For there was something of a tradition as to the strange way in which it had disappeared from view; and though known to exist—for the pearls had never come into the market—it was not known where. Hence Andrew Andrews was in his line as well as following the custom of the trade, when he brought agents and spies, to whom he offered a generous commission should they bring him within measurable distance of Lady Lipperey's world-famed necklace.

One day a stranger came into the office where Andrew Andrews transacted his business, examined his books and offered his wares. He was looking now over his correspondence with young Vaurien, who had a few good things left in his ancestral home, for which the connoisseur was in treaty, when a tall, well-conditioned, handsome-looking man, with a military air and a good address, walked straight through the front shop, disregarding the shopman's inquiries as to what he wanted, and came full upon Andrew Andrews in his sanctum sanctorum.

"Good morning, Mr. Andrews," he said, speaking with an easy, off-hand air, like a man accustomed to the world and not afraid of his company. He spoke, too, with a slight foreign accent, like an Englishman who had been many years abroad, and who had, by long contact, acquired a certain *genre*, as things which have lain near coffee, or musk, or tobacco, have become impregnated with the foreign odor of their neighbor.

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Andrews, with a sharp glance that took in the whole personality of the visitor, from the well-brushed hair, just beginning to thin on the temples, to the well-cut coat fitting like a second skin on the handsome back, and the perfect boots, in which a couple of small and nicely-shaped feet were encased.

"You deal in gems, *cinque-cento* work, jewelry, majolica—bric-a-brac, in a word?" said the stranger, whose dark eyes were roving round the place like an owl on a roving, or a hawk hovering above a dove-cote.

Mr. Andrews bowed in assent.

"Your name is well known all over the world," continued the stranger, in his careless, off-hand way. "At all the art sales in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, you are a greater authority than the greatest man of the place, and what Mr. Andrew Andrews of London approves of has a *cachet* of its own, and as that goes beyond its own merits."

As he spoke, he took off his glove and carefully stroked his mustache. On his hand glittered and played in the changing light an incomparable cat's-eye. Never since he had entered the business had Andrew Andrews seen such a magnificent specimen of this strange stone. He looked at it with the connoisseur's admiration, the collector's fascination; but the stranger did not notice that rapt regard. He was thinking only of his mustache, which he had evidently the trick of stroking as some men play with their watch-chains, and others twirl their sticks, with two fingers as a pivot.

"You have a fine cat's-eye there," said Andrews abruptly.

The stranger laughed in a half-pleased, half-deprecatory way.

"Yes, it's well enough," he said, "but I have finer things than this. Here is a gem for instance, that has not its fellow in the world," he added, taking off the other glove and showing the most exquisite engraved emerald; "one of the finest and purest periods of antique gem engraving."

"You are rich," said Andrews, with a covetous glance.

"Think so? What do you say, then, to this?" laughed the stranger, taking from his breast-pocket a small box, wrapped in many envelopes. When he finally came to the contents, he showed the connoisseur a pear-shaped pearl of the most perfect shape and color.

Andrews held out his hand for the jewel, but the stranger kept it back with the instinctive action of a man who has gone about the world, and rubbed shoulders with his kind so long as to have dropped by the way all false modesty as well as trust, sensitiveness and inconceivable belief in human honesty. He only showed it, lying in the box which he held tightly in his own hand; and he did not allow Andrew Andrews to touch it or examine it closely.

"That is worth something, if you like," he said, as he re-enclosed the box in its multifold wrappings, then put it back in his breast-pocket, rather ostentatiously buttoning up his coat as he did so.

"It is fairly fine," said Andrews, cautiously.

It was not his way to be enthusiastic over the property of others which he might have to buy. He turned the mirror round only when he had to sell.

"Fairly fine!" echoed the stranger with marked contempt. "I believe it is 'fairly fine' with a vengeance! I should have thought a man of your judgment and experience would have pronounced a more fitting verdict than this, Mr. Andrews. Fairly fine! I like that! Fairly fine! Well, I suppose it is, and something more to the back of that."

"You did not give me time to examine it, sir," said Andrews, a little sulkily.

"Time enough for an expert like yourself to have seen its merits," answered the stranger hastily, and somewhat haughtily.

"The drop of the necklace which belonged to Lady Lipperey—whom Sir Peter Lely painted in his famous picture of 'Venus rising from the sea'—which all the world knows of—which has been engraved and described scores of times—surely it did not need a very close examination to decide on the merits of such an incomparable jewel as that! However I did not come here to discuss my pearl. I came to ask if you have still in your possession that famous Lipperey snuff-box which belonged to Richelieu, and from him passed down by various stages to Madame de Camille, and then to young Vaurien, who sold it two years ago at the Hotel Drouot, where you bought it? Is it still in your possession?"

"The drop of the Lipperey necklace?" murmured Andrew Andrews. He was too much astonished, absorbed, overcome, to

listen to the rest. The pearl necklace which he had set his heart on having, and here was the drop—the famous drop—within reach of his hand!

"Well, Mr. Andrews," said the stranger sharply, "have you that snuff-box?"

"The snuff-box? What snuff-box?" asked Andrews, recalled to himself, like a sleeper suddenly awakened.

The stranger looked at him with frank surprise.

"Why, Mr. Andrews, what has come over you?" he said, with a light laugh. "One would think you had been struck by some demon. We should say so in your country. What has happened to you? What is it?"

"Nothing," said Andrews, trying to laugh as lightly as his visitor, but making a sorry kind of business of it. "I was only a little surprised when you told me that that pearl was the drop belonging to the famous necklace of Lady Lipperey. It is a thing I have wanted all my life to see, but I have never been able to trace it. I did not know who had it."

"No? Then you could not have gone very far," laughed the stranger. "It has been in the possession of our family for generations."

"Of what family?" asked Andrews anxiously.

"The Von Rascalliz of Pesth," said the stranger.

"But how the deuce did it travel there?" said Andrews.

"Oh, the itinerary is easy to trace," said the stranger. "A Rascalliz was ambassador at the Court of Anne—don't you remember?—when most of the beauties of the merry monarch had gone to the shades below, and their fortunes were in some instances of no more value than their good looks. Lady Lipperey's exchequer was one of those which had run dry. She sold the famous necklace to my ancestor, Maximilian von Rascalliz, and we have preserved the precious heirloom from that day to this. I have the original deed of transfer written in the Latin of that period. Queer stuff that Latin," he said, laughing again. "I question if Cicero could have fattered it."

"Have you the necklace here in London?" asked Andrews.

"Surely!" answered Von Rascalliz. "I never travel without it." Besides, to tell the truth, I thought of offering it to your queen. It seems a pity that such a precious jewel should belong to an old bachelor like myself. It ought to adorn a court."

"Could I see it before you offer it?" said Andrews, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"Well—yes—under restrictions," answered Von Rascalliz, looking at the collector as a policeman looks at a probable burglar. "You can see it, certainly, Mr. Andrews; but you understand, don't you, that the thing is rather too valuable to be handed around to Tom, Dick and Harry indiscriminately? If you see it, it must be at my hotel, and under my conditions."

"Certainly, certainly, sir," said Andrews, wiping the perspiration from his upper lip; "at all events, let me see it before you offer it to her Majesty."

He was impolite in his eagerness. He felt that he was; but this was one of those occasions which come only once in the life of a man, and he might be excused if he showed too plainly how much the matter interested him.

"But the snuff-box?" said Von Rascalliz, who took the whole affair with consummate coolness.

"No, I haven't it; I sold it last week."

On which the polite Hungarian gave vent to something in an unknown tongue, which, if it were not swearing, was a very good imitation.

The next day Andrews went to the hotel indicated, where he found Von Rascalliz, the pearl, the deed of transfer, and a gentleman-like looking man, who was called by the host *mon cher*, and who said, incidentally, that he, too, having heard of the famous necklace, had come to open negotiations for it on behalf of the fabulously wealthy Mrs. —, who made it her boast to carry the revenue of a nation on her shoulders. Indeed, things had gone so far when Andrews came in, that it was only by dint of a handsome personal commission to *mon cher* that he was able to stop the sale of the pearls there and then. He did stop it, however, and took a day and a night to reflect on the possibility of his own purchase. Von Rascalliz promised to wait his decision before either offering the necklace to the queen or concluding with Mrs. —'s agent. But he must make that decision quickly. Time pressed, and that estate in Hungary wanted the owner's supervision.

The ball rolled according to the collector's will. He had longed for this moment with a passion known only to those who have dreamed for years of a quasi-impossibility, and when their dream is suddenly fulfilled they lose their heads. And Andrews lost his. He bought the pearl necklace at a tremendous sacrifice; but he had attained his desire, and the world envied while it applauded him. He spent a few thousands in advertising his treasure, which he set at a figure that would handsomely recoup his outlay; and all London flocked to see the historic piece that Andrew Andrews, the great bric-a-brac and art collector, had bought at a price which made cautious men wink.

Among the rest came a little snuffy, shuffling old fellow, who more knowledge of art and stone and gems in his little finger than Andrews had in his whole head. He was a queer, Bohemian, gin-drinking old chap; but he was sober he knew a good thing when he saw it, and spotted a forgery as unerringly as a retriever brings in a bird. He looked through the gilt bars of the glass case where the famous necklace was lying; and as he looked he might be seen laughing greatly to himself.

"Splendidly done!" he said, half-aloud. "A real work of genius! Ought to succeed; and don't wonder it fetched that! I have seen; and if Andrews were not such a dumplings fool I would leave him to find it out by himself. But he wants a lesson, and by the Lord Harry he shall have it!"

The next day the little snuffy old man called on Andrews with a bundle of dis-

colored old plates and torn sheets of letter-press under his arm.

"Andrews," he said, bluntly, "you have been taken in this time. That necklace is no more the Lipperey necklace than it is the Koh-i-noor. It is a forgery, sir; wonderfully well done, but only a forgery after all."

"You are drunk, Snook!" said Andrews, contemptuously.

He was a coarse kind of man to his social inferiors, though an oily-tongued fellow enough to his superiors.

"Sober as a judge, Mr. Andrews, and a better judge both of pearls and their forgeries than you are," retorted the old fellow. "Here, see what these old descriptions say; look at these cuts. Where the deuce were your eyes when you bought this for a genuine pearl?" he added, pointing disdainfully to one of the beads, which had a small, microscopic, manufactured flaw.

"Test that bead, and my life on it you will find it false. And so they all are. You have been done, sir, done; and your famous Lipperey necklace is worth only the price of a good bit of Palais Royal jewelry."

It was in vain that Andrews swore and raved, abused Snooks like a pickpocket, and vowed he would have the life of that infamous Von Rascalliz. Facts are facts, and historic pearls can be proved as well as titles, and deeds of transfer in dog Latin can be forged as well as bank-notes and old poems. And the fact here was, as Snooks had said, that Andrews had been taken in and done for with masterly success by one of the cleverest workmen of the great Palais Royal House of —. There was no help for it. The thing was undeniable, and the ruin of his far-famed reputation stared him in the face. And this was a thing he never could survive.

He took his decision heroically. Better lose his money than his character for accuracy of judgment—better lie to the world like a man than be smothered in ridicule. What Snooks had discovered others might discover, and when the thing got wind where there would be his pride of place as the great art collector, his purity of repute as the unfailing judge and critic?

That night the necklace was missing from its case and the case itself was found broken to pieces in the shop. In the morning, when they came to open the place, the assistants saw the floor strewn with broken glass, the gilt bars bent and broken, and that the pearls had disappeared. Nothing else had been abstracted—only the famous Lipperey necklace, for which Andrews had paid so royally, and which he expected to sell handsomely. There was a hue and cry, of course; the police were called in, and all the servants were subjected to the most rigorous cross-examination, which resulted in nothing; and then Andrew Andrews advertised his less extensively, and offered a gigantic reward to whosoever should bring the necklace to his place. But neither advertisement nor offered reward produced any good effect. The missing pearls never turned up, and to this hour the mystery of their disappearance is unsolved. Only Snooks suspects, and Andrews knows, what became of that famous Lipperey necklace, each pearl of which would have made an era in the life of any jeweler to whom it might have been offered. But if hammers could speak, that hammer in Andrews's private sanctum could tell its own tale, and that well fed, handsome, polyglot Greek swindler, feasting his accomplices at Bigon's, would have confirmed the disclosures made by that general smash.—London Truth.

The Sumpitan, or Blow-Tube of Malaya.

The projectiles used are darts, varying five to eight or nine inches in length. The Dyak war dart is the shortest, and is usually furnished with a small metal arrow-head. In this case the shaft is of light wood. The longer darts, such as those used in Sumatra, are made from a harder and heavier wood, usually the long spikes taken from the palms. These are left thicker toward the point than at the other end, so as to counterbalance the weight of the conical piece of pith there affixed. This piece of pith, the broadest part of which is but very little less than the bore of the blow-tube, is absolutely necessary for the forcible propulsion of the dart. As it does not fit the tube precisely, there is necessarily some escape of force. For this reason, when very hard shots are desired, a small pellet of cotton or other suitable fibrous material is put behind the dart.

The great secret in making the darts is to insure that they balance exactly—i. e., one half must be exactly the same weight as the other. Under any other conditions true shooting is impossible. In Padang, Sumatra, I was much astonished to find a man using very small birds darts constructed out of coconut-tree leaves. He took a spike of the leaf and cut off a piece about five inches long. The stalk of this he fastened to a half-inch long, on one side, the result being an article having the shape of a quillpen. The inch and a half fragment of leaf that remained was curled round to allow of its admission into the blow-tube. When we remember that it was a green leaf, we can form an idea of the force with which the darts are propelled to kill. For my particular amusement the sportsman, who was laden with a supply of at least 800 darts, shot one of these palm-leaf projectiles over some water, and I calculated that the range was well over 50 yards. The initial velocity was so great that the dart could not be seen for the first 25 yards.

The greatest adepts with the sumpitan, especially at the present day, when its use is so surely dying out, are undoubtedly the Dyaks. From what I have heard, and from what I know of my own observation, a Dyak would shoot a dart 150 yards to a certainty; and I should not care to bet very much against 200 yards being accomplished by picked men. This statement may favor of the "traveler" order, but I fancy most Bornean travelers will agree with me. The small dart is, of course, not sufficient of itself to take human life, but the Dyaks poison their projectiles in warfare, when a slight wound anywhere is all that is necessary. Mr. Paul, who was some years in Borneo with Sir James Brooke, told me that he once saw a Dyak who put two darts into a sumpitan, one behind the other, and by some inexplicable means shot out the front one first, and followed with the other after an interval. This man was doubtless a sort of Dr. Carver among the Dyaks.

Precision with the blow-tube is, as with every other weapon, a mere matter of practice. In shooting small birds out of trees for collecting purposes, for which service I recommend the use of the blow-tube, the range would never be very great. A bird 20 high in a tree is pretty high, considering that it is in the lower, full-leaved trees that the birds congregate, in preference to the higher ones. At this distance a little practice will make it a certainty that the bird will be hit. If not killed outright, the long dart will of itself be sufficiently cumbersome to prevent the bird flying very far. As a rule, the quarry is transfixed, when of course it is a case. I give 20 feet, because I always like to be on the safe side in these matters; but I myself would certainly undertake to hit four times out of six at twice the height. I have frequently proved this by bringing down tiny birds out of the betel-nut palm. Your readers will notice that I speak of "height" and not "distance." Shooting up into a tree and shooting at an object on the ground are two different matters when the projectile is a long dart, likely to be affected by the least wind. But still, at 30 feet, small birds should not escape very often from horizontal shots. For very tiny birds clay balls may be used; but, from the fact that they never fit the barrel properly, they are not so sure as the dart.—The London Field.

Ambidexters.

One of the New York papers not long ago had an article on right and left handed people, or ambidexters, in which several remarkable instances of persons possessing this faculty were given. Strange to say, however, no mention was made of Ben Lusby or George Tiffany, the latter a resident of this city for years. Lusby is famous the country over, and is known as the lightning ticket seller. He traveled for many years with the largest circuses, and received almost fabulous pay, being as great a curiosity as anything to be seen in the tents. He used both hands in selling tickets, taking in money, handing out the tickets, and making change more rapidly with each than an ordinary ticket-seller could with both. It was no unusual thing to see him select six or eight full-price and children's tickets, receive a \$10 or \$20 bill, and pick out and return the change with one hand, while he was selling one or two tickets at a time and making change at the same time and the other hand.

George Tiffany, who had always had a large acquaintance with theatrical and show people, and who was a friend of Lusby, possessed the same faculty to a considerable extent, and on several occasions gave exhibitions to his friends of his ability to imitate Lusby, having probably practiced under his direction. He was scarcely a fourth as rapid as Lusby, but was acknowledged "in the profession" to be, with the exception of Lusby, the only two-handed ticket-seller in the world. Between the men, when both were last here, there was a marked contrast in appearance. Tiffany was very short, very stout, very jovial, and very easy-going and slow in speech at nearly all times, always ready for a joke, and generally liked by his acquaintances, while Lusby, when not at his post, appeared rather taciturn and gloomy, and even among his most intimate friends rarely appeared amused at anything, and seldom laughed or smiled. Both were particular in dress, but while Tiffany's appearance was unchanged in the ticket-office, Lusby in the same place was metamorphosed. His coat and vest were thrown off in warm weather his necktie and collar generally followed, his eyes seemed to sink back in his head and bright hectic spots appeared on his cheeks, which looked drawn and sunken. At those times he was a curious study to the medical men who saw him at his busiest moments, and more than one expressed the opinion that he could not long survive the strain to which he subjected himself. He has not been here for some time, and may perhaps be dead.

Instances of people who write and make figures with both hands are by no means rare. In the old Democrat office, before the partnership was dissolved and the Globe-Democrat started, two accountants were employed who, in posting the books, generally made figures with the left hand and posted the items with the right. A book-keeper in one and a cashier in another large wholesale house in St. Louis now work in the same way, and a reporter on a morning paper writes with either hand, and it is impossible to distinguish any difference in the formation of the letters.

A more remarkable instance of dual

facilities than any mentioned is that of a gentleman well known in this city—Mr. E. C. Lackland. Mr. Lackland was for some time treasurer of the Fair association and excited no little attention and remark among those who saw him using alternately either hand in writing letters or messages. The on-lookers were, however, still more astonished, to see him when in a hurry, grasp a pen or pencil and write rapidly with both hands, and would have been yet more amazed had they known that the messages he was addressed to different people and entirely different in character. When not busy enough to employ both hands he generally uses the left, but the character of the chirography is the same, and it is doubtful if he himself knows the difference. He does not seem to consider himself possessed of an unusual gift or talent, and would no doubt have been much amused had he heard the remark made by an acquaintance, who, after seeing him write two letters at once, confidentially informed a friend that he must have his brains parted in the middle or be possessed of two sets. The science of medicine teaches that unusual mental strain or activity correspondingly depresses the system physically, but the rule evidently does not apply to Mr. Lackland. —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Seals.

The seal, as affixed to letters, has a claim for consideration in the fact of its historic interest. The seals of Senacherib and Cheops are yet extant, together with a multitude of ancient signets, both of the east and west, and our letter seals are probably their lineal descendants, and relatives of the official, legal and royal seals still affixed to documents. As symbols of power, they were, no doubt, affixed upon a massive to forbid its opening by an unauthorized person, and their significance would be generally regarded. The early Christians used the sacred devices of the dove, the fish, the anchor and the lyre. In England, before watches were worn, the seal was attached to the wrist, forming in fact, a pendant to a bracelet. Shakespeare's signet has his initials, "W. S." and a true lover's knot—a device which has led to the supposition that it was given to him by Anne Hathaway. Mary, Queen of Scots, had a seal with the arms of the three kingdoms upon it, and the use of this formed a count of the indictment against her. Another ring of interest, which may possibly have been used as a signet, is the cameo ring in the possession of the Thynne family, which is said to be the identical one given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex.

This is only one of a thousand signets of historic interest that are still preserved. The "biggest thing" among these belongs, as a matter of course, to America, and was presented to President Pierce by some citizens of San Francisco. Upon this was represented a kind of summary of California history, and a number of devices, such as a grizzly bear and an enraged boar. Without it was engraved the president's name, and in its interior parts were small cases containing specimens of various native oars. The weight of this precious gift was something like a pound! The materials impressed have been nearly as varied as the shapes of the signets impressing them. Gold, silver and other metals were anciently in use, and even prepared earths or clays. Common wax was, of course, most prevalent before the introduction of sealing wax—a compound of lac and other materials invented in the sixteenth century. White wax was used by Otto I. of Germany and by many of our monarchs. Rufus, however, very appropriately adopted red. Blue is the rarest of tints; green was favored by the emperors and patriarchs of the east. At present vermilion wax is most common, but should the method of sealing letters be revived we may expect, with the resources of modern chemistry and the diversity of modern tastes, a polychromatic range of hues unknown to former ages.—[London Globe.

Gallant Deeds.

The dispatches from Alexandria enlarge upon the wonderful devotion and extraordinary bravery of the gunner on board one of the British vessels who picked up a shell with a burning fuse and immersed it in a bucket of water. This was a courageous act, but it was not more gallant than anything of the sort ever before chronicled. During our war for the Union, hundreds of cases as deserving of mention occurred. At Stone River when Croft's brigade of Palmer's division was pursuing the routed rebels on the 2d of January, they came suddenly on a reserve battery that opened on them with surprising fury. The men were ordered to lie down, and dropped in the soft mud of a cornfield. The rebel artillerymen had the range, however, and poured shot and shell into the advance line in a way that tore some unfortunate in pieces, and covered nearly everyone with mud. In the midst of the terrific fusillade a shell struck between two men lying flat on the ground so near to their heads as to stun both. Dozens of men, the bravest there, closed their eyes in anticipation of the terrible scene that would follow the explosion. But one of the soldiers at whose shoulder the smoking shell had struck, digging up a handful of mud, held it

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and his Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the editor. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, treatment with color and age of animal, and what treatment has been resorted to. Private address, 301 First Street Detroit.

An Explanation.

OLIVER, Aug. 14, 1882.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR—I am sorry you feel as the letter in the last Farmer indicates. I don't know as I can blame you either; but if I were to write to you as often as I must over again I could not change it in any way. The reasons why I did not follow your directions are these: That week and the following that I wrote you (April 10th), the horse ran down so that he could not stand up. The veterinarian he gave him up and said he would die. About this time I received the FARMER, which discouraged me. I gave him no more medical treatment, and tried to get some one to kill him, but could not; then I got a sling and windlass, raised him up and fed him the best the farm produced. He finally got so that he could walk, (following your directions in regard to his leg in the meantime, which got well, only leaving it about twice its natural size.) Then I would lead him out to the wheat field and turn him on the wheat; he would get tired and lay down; then I would roll him on a stone bed, draw him to the shed, roll him on the sling and raise him again. He learned so after awhile that when he got enough to eat he would come to the gate and want to come out. As soon as he was let out he would come of his own accord under the windlass where the sling was adjusted, and would settle in it so that he would bear no weight on his legs. As long as I could see him improving I thought I would let well enough alone. When I turned him out in the wheat field he told me that I would kill him; I said that was what I wanted to do, as I had turned him out to die. Now, as I never expect to receive an answer to this I will send it to you. I simply write to let you know what made me disregard your directions. As regards the mare, thanks to you she is all right again, or nearly so.

Yours with respect, E. H.

Answer.—There is no occasion for your feeling sorry on our account, as our temper was not in the least ruffled. In our reply to your former letter it was not our intention to discourage you from making an effort to restore your animal to usefulness, but on the contrary to get from you a more definite description of the symptoms present in your animal, in order to make a more satisfactory diagnosis. But as you cannot assist us we must be satisfied with the result.

Jersey Cattle.

IOSEA, Aug. 12, 1882.

Veterinary Editor of Michigan Farmer.

As there are many farmers dealing in cattle, with bogs breeds in the market, and wishing to give me any information which will enable me to recognize a full-blooded Jersey at sight? By giving the information desired you will confer a favor upon an old SUBSCRIBER.

The best answer we can give to your question, will be found in the following scale of points given by Mr. L. C. Sharpless, of Philadelphia, Pa., who is authority of the highest order upon this subject, and which enables any one at all familiar with cattle to identify a Jersey cow of good quality at sight.

1. Head small, bony and rather long.
2. Face dish, broad between the eyes and narrow between the horns.
3. Muzzle small, encircled by a light color.
4. Nose black, with large nostrils.
5. Eyes full and placid.
6. Horns small, crumpled and amber color.
7. Ears small and thin.
8. Neck slim, rather long with clean throat and light at the shoulder.
9. Shoulders sloping and lean, withers thin and broad.
10. Back level to the setting of the tail, and strong across the loin.
11. Body capacious, bony, hooped and deep at flank.
12. Hips long and of good width between.
13. Udder capacious and running well forward, well up behind, broad and deep; free from hair and not fleshy.
14. Teats good shape, large and well apart.
15. Milk veins large and irregular.
16. Mirror high and broad, and full on thighs.
17. Thighs thin and wide apart, with legs standing square.
18. Legs short, small below the joints and flat.
19. Color of skin, under and inside of ears yellow.
20. Hide mellow and thin, with soft fine hair.
21. Tail slim and long, reaching to the hoof, with good brush.
22. Disposition quiet and good natured.
23. Size medium, good good.

Feeding Horses Arsenic by Grooms.

Poisoning of Horses by Carters.—Three valuable cart-horses, the property of Mr. M. Wood, of Harborburg, near Utica, have recently died from the administration of "mercury" by the carters. The agent was given for the purpose of improving the animal's coat.—*Veterinarian.*

The practice of giving agents to horses for the same purpose in this country is not uncommon. Animals sometimes die in consequence of the heroic doses given.

A LIVE SCHOOL IN A LIVE CITY.—The Grand Rapids Commercial College is taxed to its utmost to supply the demand made upon it by business houses (from various parts of the State) for reliable and systematic clerical help. This is good news for young men of the right stamp. Send for College Journal.

CITY ITEMS.

The 14th Ohio Regiment of State Troops are encamped on Belle Isle, and are visited daily by thousands of our citizens.

The contract has been let for the new Harper Hospital building. It is to be a handsome structure, and is to cost \$80,000.

The city is filling up with the members of the Knights of Pythias organization, and their convalescence promises to be a great success.

The Great Western boats, which were seized in the suit of Newberry & McMillen, have been released, the Grand Trunk Company having given the necessary bonds.

It is now said that what is known as the Essex Center cut-off will be built at once. This, when completed, will give the Canada Southern the shortest line east. The fusion of the Grand Trunk and Great Western seems to have put new life into the enterprise.

On Saturday last, Wm. Miller, a farmer living 11 miles out on the Grand River Road, was killed to death by a young colt he was driving. The horse, named Miller, was thrown out against a stump, and getting entangled in the whiffletree, he was killed in the head and instantly killed. He was 27 years of age, and leaves a young wife, but no children.

On Thursday, August 31st, the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Ovid will give an excursion to Detroit by the D. G. H. & M. R. R. The train will start from St. Johns, and take on passengers at all stations up to and including Detroit. Excursionists will have nine hours in Detroit to enjoy themselves, and for those whose tastes run that way, a league game of baseball between the Detroit and Troy clubs at Recreation Park can be enjoyed. The fares from the different stations are low, and with fine weather a good and nice time can be counted on.

The experience of a young lady in Detroit may prove of benefit to some of our readers, and save them from the pain and mortification she has had to endure. This young lady, who is of very prepossessing appearance, had her complexion somewhat darkened by coming in contact with the rays of old "Sol," and imagining that it detracted somewhat from her beauty, looked around for something to counteract its effects. In a paper she came across an advertisement of "Glenn's Sulphur Soap," which promised to remove the tan and more than restore her former complexion. She at once wanted her way to a dealer in soap, and depositing her shilling became the happy possessor of this magical beauty restorer. The same evening, before retiring, she applied the soap very freely to her face, and in her dreams saw visions of a renewed complexion that would fill with envy her associates. She was awakened rather earlier than usual by a peculiar sensation in the location where she had applied the soap, and on looking in the glass found that it had done all that was advertised. The tan had been removed most effectually—and so had all the skin from her face. She is now spending her leisure in trying to coax back the skin with applications of glycerine and cream, and in the future will probably seek for a cosmetic that removes tan without skinning.

These daily papers of this city are publishing the advertisement of a Chicago commission firm named Flemming & Merriam. Beware of them, as the papers of that city say they are untrustworthy.

An Array of Facts.

CARLO, N. Y.—Charles Hoffman, of this place, says: "I have used for a year or more Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and find them to be very beneficial to me, in fact cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form." Isaac Hoffman and Frank Kenne have also been cured of Sick Headache and Dyspepsia by their use. Wetzel Salasbury says they have been used by himself and family to great advantage; have cured his daughter of Sick Headache, the Bitters seem to be just the medicine for the disease for which they are recommended.

E. C. STEVENS.

Price 25 cts per bottle.

Young men can save money by attending the Business College at Kalamazoo. Send for Journal.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, August 22, 1882.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 1,723 bbls; shipments 772 bbls. Both receipts and shipments are light, and business is largely confined to the sale of the local trade. Prices keep well under the decline in wheat, but show symptoms of a decline.

We quote:

White wheat, roller process..... \$7 00
 Choice white (roll)..... 5 75 @ 6 00
 Choice white (roll)..... 5 50 @ 5 75
 Minnesota spring..... 5 25 @ 5 50
 Rye..... 4 25 @ 4 50

Wheat.—Yesterday, under the influence of fine weather and unfavorable advices from other points, the market ruled weak, and spot and near by futures declined. Later there was a reaction, and prices closed steady at about 3c decline from Saturday's prices for No. 1 white. Late futures were dull and neglected. Closing prices were as follows: No. 1 white, \$1.08; No. 2 red, \$1.05; No. 3 white, \$1.05. In futures quotations at close were \$1.08 for August, \$1.08 for September, \$1.08 for October, and 1 1/8 for November.

Corn.—Market neglected, and No. 2 is dull at 70c per bu. Stocks light, and receipts also.

Oats.—Almost none are arriving, and the market is barely stocked, the local trade being almost wholly dependent upon farmers' wagons for the limited supplies they are able to obtain. Two carloads of No. 2 mixed were sold at 65c; No. 2 white for September 1.00 bushels at 59c; 1,000 do at 59c; and 10,000 do at 60c.

Rye.—Market inactive and unsettled. Quotations are nominal at 70c to 75c per bu.

Feed.—For bran a moderate premium at 35c; but little or none is offered and shippers cannot obtain supplies. Corn and oats are at \$1.00 a bu.

Butter.—Market very quiet, but unchanged. Some choice selections command 30c per lb, but the general price is 18c to 19c for good to choice. Low grades not inquired for.

Cheese.—Receipts report fairly active market at 12c to 13c for fine State brands; other descriptions are quoted at 11c to 11 1/2c.

Eggs.—Are dull; fresh crates are ailing at 17c per doz.

Beeswax.—Invoices of pure output at 30c to 31c; in stock it is offered and shippers cannot obtain supplies. Corn and oats are at \$1.00 a bu.

Onions.—Market quiet. About \$2.75 per bushel is the usual price.

Butter Beans.—Choice Vermont spruce 75c per bushel of three bush.

Peas.—Almost all are picked and are quoted at about \$2.50 for fine hand picked stock.

Dried Apples.—Stocks are light and the market firm at 10c to 11c for common; evaporated are quoted at 12c to 14c.

Apples.—Demands are quite moderate with a

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Blackberries.—Receipts yesterday were moderate, but the market had a fair supply at 30c to 35c or wild berries. Lawsons are dull, buyers preferring the former.

Watermelons.—Offerings of watermelons are large at 10c to 15c; in some instances 15c to 20c obtained for very fine melons; nutmeg are dull at 35c to 40c.

Peaches.—Choice Early Crawford's would command \$1.50 per box, but common descriptions are dull at 80c to 90c.

Tomatoes.—The market is a little better ruled, and prices are not quite so strong, ranging from \$1.50 to 2.00, according to variety and condition.

Whortleberries.—The market has been well supplied to-day with very fine fruit at 30c to 35c per bushel, fine upper lake blueberries selling at outside rates.

Potatoes.—Offerings have been large while the movement outward is very light. They are not quotable at over \$1.50 per barrel.

Hops.—None in market except a few in second hands. A good article could not be got less than 10c per lb, and they would be cheap at that.

Salt.—Syracuse, \$1.60 per bbl.; Saginaw, 95c per bbl. This is by the carload; by the barrel, 15c to 20c more is charged.

Wood.—Firm; rates for wood delivered are \$3.50 to \$4.00 for hickory, and \$3.75 for beech and maple cut wood, \$4.

Provisions.—The market for pork is again higher, and very firm. An advance is also noted in Chicago, with increased activity. Other articles are unchanged. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Meat.—Common varieties are being offered at about \$3 per bushel, choice Barletts would command \$12 per barrel.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Blackberries.—Receipts yesterday were moderate, but the market had a fair supply at 30c to 35c or wild berries. Lawsons are dull, buyers preferring the former.

Watermelons.—Offerings of watermelons are large at 10c to 15c; in some instances 15c to 20c obtained for very fine melons; nutmeg are dull at 35c to 40c.

Peaches.—Choice Early Crawford's would command \$1.50 per box, but common descriptions are dull at 80c to 90c.

Tomatoes.—The market is a little better ruled, and prices are not quite so strong, ranging from \$1.50 to 2.00, according to variety and condition.

Whortleberries.—The market has been well supplied to-day with very fine fruit at 30c to 35c per bushel, fine upper lake blueberries selling at outside rates.

Potatoes.—Offerings have been large while the movement outward is very light. They are not quotable at over \$1.50 per barrel.

Hops.—None in market except a few in second hands. A good article could not be got less than 10c per lb, and they would be cheap at that.

Salt.—Syracuse, \$1.60 per bbl.; Saginaw, 95c per bbl. This is by the carload; by the barrel, 15c to 20c more is charged.

Wood.—Firm; rates for wood delivered are \$3.50 to \$4.00 for hickory, and \$3.75 for beech and maple cut wood, \$4.

Provisions.—The market for pork is again higher, and very firm. An advance is also noted in Chicago, with increased activity. Other articles are unchanged. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Meat.—Common varieties are being offered at about \$3 per bushel, choice Barletts would command \$12 per barrel.

Potatoes.—Offerings have been large while the movement outward is very light. They are not quotable at over \$1.50 per barrel.